

## Bullet

David Byrne

The bullet went into him  
His skin did part in two  
Skin that women had touched  
The bullet passed on through

The bullet went into him  
It went its merry way  
Like an old gray dog  
On a fox's trail

The bullet went into him  
His stomach filled with food  
Many fine meals he tasted there  
But the bullet passed on through

The bullet went into him  
It went its merry way

Like an old gray dog  
On a fox's trail

The bullet went into him  
Through his heart with thoughts of you  
Where your kisses he inhaled  
The lies and the truth

The bullet went into him  
Traveled up into his head  
Through thoughts of love and hate  
The living and the dead

The bullet went into him  
It went its merry way  
Like an old gray dog  
On a fox's trail